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THE PICTVRE OF INCEST.

Liuely PORTRAICTED IN THE HISTORIE of CINYRAS and MYRRHA.

By

Iames Gresham.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

OVIDI j METAMOR-PHOSIS.

LIB. X.

OF strange disasters shall my Muse now sing
Fathers approach not you my Carolling.
Nor you faire Daughters, that in vertue glory,
To taint your chast eares with my lustfull story:
Or if my poore vnpolisht lines haue power
To yeeld delight vnto those harts of your,
Let me not be beleeu'd nor this my tale
Be thought of any credible availe.
Or if to so much truth they 'gaine consent
Yet with the fact beleeue the punishment.
And sith Dame Nature hath so farre transgrest
To suffer such a deed to be confest

I'me glad *Ismaria* and our *Orphean Thrace*
Are not polluted with an act so base.
And that our native soyle so distant lies,
From those wherein there are such villanies.
Let Sweet *Panchaia* be with riches spred,
And fragrant flowers rarely diapred.
May there the tast delighting Cynamon,
Sent pleasing *Costus* and the daintie gum
Of sweet extracted Frankinsence there grow,
Whilst that alone can only MYRRHA show.
But sure that tree could not enforce a deed
So bad, from so much goodnesse to proceed
No (MYRRHA) no CYPID himselfe denies
To lend his ayde vnto such surquedries,
And vindicates his flames from the least wrongs
That to such bestialitie belongs.
No, rather haue some *Stygean* fate inspir'd
Thee, with a wish by none to be desir'd.
'Tis lewd to loath, the parent thou shouldst hate
But this thy loue doth euen exceed that hate,
Making thee odious and vnfit to owne
That good the Gods vpon thee haue bestowne.
On each hand art thou round beset with suers
Both home nobilitie and forraigne woers.
That both in wit and armes contend and sey
How to beare thee (the wished prize) away.

O

Of these then (MIRRHA) choose thee one to
Thy happy Spouse, and let thy Sire be Hee.
Hereon she ponders, and her lust approoues,
And (to her selfe) *what fury* (sayes) *d'riues*
My franticke mind? what can I heere deuise?
You Sacred gods and lawes Parentall two
As you prohibite such a deeds Commission
Resist in me this lawlesse disposition:
(If it at least be lawlesse) But such fauours
Pitty forbids to be thought misbehauiours.
Since other creatures without censuring crime
Doe freely couple in their owne due time.
The little Heifar scarce yet ag'd a yeare
Her owne begetter on her backe may beare
Yet not be turpious, And the lustie Steed
Couer the Mare which sprung from his own seed
The leacherous Goat too, leapes the female she
From whom himselfe was gendred: and that hee
Proceeding from them both, by carnall vse
Oft tups the Dam that did himselfe produce.
Birds with each other too doe mate and by
The so vp hatch'd doe like fruct.fie.
And I no reason see but wee as well
May freely doe, when nature doth compell:
O happy they, that haue this Freedomes blisse
To couple where they list without amisse,
But most vnhappie we that must obey
Such lawes as humane care prouides for stay.

And that whereto our natures moſt doe plie vs
That only ſhould thoſe enuious lawes denie vs.
Yea, there are Nations too ('tis ſaid) wherein
The bearing mother with her ſonne doth ſin,
And the ingendring Sire his Daughter proue,
And by this courſe ingeminate their loue,
Accurſed I that (louing as I doe)
'Twas not my fortune to be borne there too.
But by this *Iſlands* too too happy fate
(Euen) ſeeking loue, muſt ſeeme degenerate.
But why reuolue I thus? what helpe accrewes
To my deſires by the words I vſe?
Hence therefore you forbidden thoughts and flie
The troubled breſt wherein you lurking lie.
'Tis true, my Father hath a power to moue
An yeie diſpoſition vnto loue.
But yet in me can loue, nor like no beauty,
That aymes at ought beyond a filiall duty.
Were my fate ſuch, that I were not his daughter,
My wiſh would then be no ſuch heynous matter,
" A ſmiling fortune might ſo farre preuaile
To bring me to his bed with wind and ſaile,
But now (ſo ill hath deſtiny ordain'd) (gain'd,
That though ſhe's mine there's nothing therein
Since that proximitie which ſhould combine
Denies me to be his, or make him mine.

O

O would I therefore were some other Sires,
That I on him might satiate my desires
" And lose my selfe amidst those pleasing charms
Whi·h liue within the circle of his armes:
Or that 'twere possible for me, by flight
(Leauing these confines and my Countries sight)
To flie my destinated woe, and shun
The shelfe that threatens my confusion.
But a prepostorous-burning-lust restraines
My power from doing so, in amorous chaines,
Permitting me thus farre to reach at blisse
To heare, and see, and touch, and sometimes kisse
Though beyond that he grant me nothing more
T'enrich my wish, or make his vertue poore:
Beyond (said I) fie on thee wicked mayd, (ioy'e
Canst thou euen hope for more then th'ast en-
Or so beguile thy thoughts to thinke that he
(Though thou shouldst craue't) would act such
(villanie?
Dost thou not weigh that further grants will
(cause
Both losse of name and breach of humane lawes?
And make ensuing ages that shall read,
Thy hapleſſe story, blush at thee though dead?
What? would'st thy Mothers rivall be, yea more
Thy Fathers foule adulterated whore?

Or thy owne Daughters ſiſter? and a Mother
To that abortiue birth thou ſhouldſt cal brother?
Doſt thou not dread thoſe haine ſnak't furies ires
That doe not onely ſee thy foule deſires
But can and will (vnto thy deeds extent)
Adde a condigne enſuing puniſhment?
O quake to thinke on't, and whilſt yet th'art free
Taint not thy vertuous minde, nor let there bee
A baſe pollution of that natures heſts
Which quite prehibites ſuch vnuſt requeſts.
(obtaine
And which though thou ſhouldſt (as thou crau'ſt)
Would euen at beſt be but a fleeting gaine.
My father too, is pious, and preciſe
In due obſeruing of his Countries guiſe
And one that by no faſcinating art
Will be ſeduced to render vp his hart:-
(Though ô I wiſh (and feruently deſire)
There burnt in him the ſelfe ſame ardent fire,
That as my hart on his perfections doate
So he of me and mine would take like note.)
But deepe and ſtrange muſt that art be can lure
A mind ſo good to ought that's ſo impure.

Thus to her ſelfe ſhe ſayd. But ſtupid nee
(Whom plenty of great ſuters made to be
Am-

Ambignous what to doe) little suppesing
Her thoughts bent to a fact of so much loathing,
With secret scrutiny assaies to know,
(By iterating such as did her woe)
Towards whose desert, her best affection stands
To linke herselfe in matrimoniall bands.
To this at first she lockes her lips (as grieuing
To thinke how farre her wish was from relieuing)
But after looking with transpeircing eyes
Vpon her Sire! (whose loue 'twas did surprize
Her hart with lu't,) vents from her troubled brest
Vollies of sighes (her symmorres of vnrest)
And from her rosie cheeke a dew ler glide
Of pearly teares (like those in summer tide
Falling on the ripe Cherries which the sun
After exhales from lying thereupon.)
And with this teare-distilled shewre doth shroud
Her starre like eyes within her apron cloud.
Which strange distemperature of hers, her father
Deeming of feare (not lust) yet knowing neither
Forbids her weeping and with gentle touch
Wipes her wet eyes, then kisses her as much
With which she seemes to be so much orecov'd
That she (euen) wishes to be still thus cloy'd
With the Ambrosiacke Nectar of his lips,
And neuer to be out of this Eclipse.

He thinking now, if euer had his cariage
Won a wiſſe time to win her vnto mariage,
Conſults againe with her deſires to find
What kind of man it was would pleaſe her mind
To whom (as glad by this meanes to expreſſe
The white ſhe leveld at in this diſtreſſe,)
She thus replies, the man that muſt obtaine
The conqueſt of my heart, and my bed gaine,
Muſt in all parts (deere Sire) reſemble thee,
Or neuer looke to be imbrac'd by mee.
Whilſt he (not knowing her cloſe thoughts) ap-
(plauds
Of this her liking, and with lauiſh lauds,
Sayes, Daughter mayſt thou be thus dutious ſtill
And euermore obey thy fathers will.
The Gods will ſure reward thee for't, and crowne
Thy duty with perpetuall renowne.
No ſooner was that word of (duty) ſpoken,
But ſtraight her countenance with a change was
(ſtroken,
As conſcious to herſelfe of that foule fact
Which with her aged Sire ſhe ſought to act, (ded
And grieuing that thoſe words, which ſhe inten-
To breake the yce, ſhould be miſapprehended.
It now was midnight and a ſilent ſleepe
Did cares from mind, & toyles from body keepe,
When

When watchfull MIRRHA (too too hapleſſe Mayd)
Is to her former enemy betray'd,
And ſo purſued by her vnquiet thoughts
That night no ſleepe vnto her eyes allots,
But doth againe retract that lewd deſire
Which blew the coles to this inceſtious fire.
And one while timerouſly diſpaires to try
And yet againe reſolues it by and by.
Shaming to aske ſhe couets what ſhe ſhames
And theſe vnwilling willing motions blames:
On euery ſide is her attempt beſet
With hope to forward and with feare to let
And in this conflict what her hart ſhould doe
Cannot reſolue or giue conſent vnto.
But as the tree hewne by the ſharpe edg'd ſteele
After a many wounds begins to reele,
Tremblingly doubtfull on which hand to fall
And is on euery ſide much fear'd of all,
So ſtood ſhe ſhaken with a various paſſion
By her too temerous timerous inclination.
That which diſwades ſeems light, & what allures
As great and iuſt a puniſhment procures,
And nothing can her thoughts intend, but ſtrai't
One change or other on thoſe thoughts do waite
" (Much like the billowes of the boyling ſea
" In a tempeſtious and cloudy day

" Where

" Where one waue following the firſt amaine
" Comes ſtraight a third that breaks them both (in twaine)
No meane nor eaſe can her diſtempers finde
But that which death affords the loue-ſick minde
And that indeed ſhe hugges and ſtraight reſolues
To put in execution: Then inuolues
Her faire necke with her Zone, tied to that heigth
That falling thence ſhe to might clime to death.
And hauing thus prepar'd herſelfe to run
On her owne wofull ſad confuſion
Farewell Deare father (cries ſhe) when I'me dead
Let (yet) my death is cauſe be remembered
And ſince my life durſt not my loue make known
Let my deſires by this my death be ſhowne.
And therewith apts her girdles knot t'enchaine
Her azure-veyned-necke, to eaſe her paine.

'Tis ſaid the mourneſull murmur of her teares
And ſorrowes tones, came to her nurſes eares,
Who then (full little dreaming what a fact
Her foſter charge was now about to act
Of ſelfe contriuing death) was not farre layd
From the ſad ſtage wheron this Scene was playd
And hearing her ſtraight riſes, and with ſpeed
Opening the doores, and gueſſing at the deed

By what she saw prouided; first, expresses
Her wonder by her eyes, tearing her tresses,
And miserably macerating with her knife
Her age plough'd bosome; then (to saue her life)
Breaks from her tender neck, that hard knot, tied
By which so sweet a beauty sought t'haue died.
And with soft kind embraces, bids her cleere
Those heauens (her eyes) that weeping clouded
Earnestly crauing what the cause might be (were.
That drag'd her thoughts to this selfe tragedy.
Whilst she as (one dumb strucken) stands at gaze
With a dejected looke, and nothing sayes
But grieues that by her death's too slow dispatch
Her too kind nurse should her so tardy catch.
Shee good old nurse conjures her still with loue
To shew what did these teares effusion moue
And with her naked and wrinckled brests displayd
(Which hoary age had dry and withered made)
Entreats her, by her infant Swathlings, and
The food she first receiued from her hand
(When in her now exhaust and shriueled nipple
There then was pleasant milke for her to tipple)
That vnto her she would those griefes impart
Which seem'd so much to ouerload her hart,
"Perswading her that griefes oft kill conceal'd
"But find redresse when th'are in time reueal'd.

To

To all which MIRRHA ſtill with ſilent gaze
(Turning aſide) ſighes, but yet nothing ſayes;
" As one whoſe thoughts preſaging no reliefe
Would rather dye then vtter forth her griefe.
The gentle Nurſe (as yet in knowledge blind
What theſe diſtempers mou'd, but bent to find
The fount from whence they flow'd: (with pro-
(mile made
Both of her ſecreſie and vtmoſt ayde.
(To her beſt age worne ſtrength) in ought that
(might
Aſſwage theſe paſſions, or her heart delight.)
Againe thus woes her, Sweet child, let me know,
What ſodaine griefe this is torments thee ſo.
And what my ag'd experience can redreſſe
My willing power ſhall ſpeedily expreſſe.
Bee't a diſtracting frenzie, I'ue a charme,
Of ſoueraigne herbes to cure thee of that harme
Or bee'ſt thou hurt by ſome malignant fate,
I'ue yet a ſpell ſhall ſhield thee from that hate.
Or dreadſt thou ſome incenſed god, loe I
With ſacred rites that ire can pacifie.
What ſhould I more ſuggeſt? Good fortune, ſhee
Sweetly ſmiles on thee, and as yet wee're free
From all incurſions; yea, thy Sire and Mother
Are liuing too and nightly 'nioy each other.

MIRRHA

MIRRHA no ſooner heares the name of Sire
Fall from her nurſes lippes, but all on fire
" (Like the dry flaxe to which the ſmalleſt cole
" Serues as a taper to enflame the whole.)
She breaths forth many a ſigh, whilſt ſtill th'old (crone
The cauſe conceaues not of her heauy mone
But yet ſuſpects ſhe loues, and therefore ſtill
Stickes to her former purpoſe; and doth will
That whatſoeuer t'were ſhe yet would pleaſe
To let her know't and trie her ages eaſe.
And therewith takes the teare-diſtilling Mayd
Into her lap, and (with weake armes diſplaid
Empaling her faire corpes,) ſayes, come I know
The troubled ſpring from whence theſe ſtreames (doe flow.
Thou art in loue, and either ſham'ſt to ſay
With whom, or doubtſt leſt I'le the ſame bewray.
But credit me my ayde ſhall ſerue t'expreſſe
How farre I am from ſuch perfidiouſneſſe:
Nor ſhall my tongue one word thereof reueale
Vnto thy Father, but the ſame conceale.
At which her ill concluding words enraged
(Breaking the pale, wherein ſhe was incaged
And with her face, preſſing the neighbour bed
As one more grieu'd thē joy'd by what ſh'ad ſed)
Cries,

Cries, ô depart, and spare a further quest
Of that which shame constraines me to detest,
And either leaue me to my selfe alone
Or cease to question more, my ruefull mone.
For what you craue, t'enrich your knowledge by
Is but a lewd incestious villany.
Hereat th'old beldam starts, & (what with feare
And bed rid age, of many a hoary yeare)
With trembling hands vpheau'd, doth groueling lye
To gaine the cause of this her misery.
And one while with delusiue flatterie sues
To screw it out, another while doth vse
The sharpe compulsiue menaces of death,
By shewing her the meanes to doe it with,
Adding withall to these her mixt perswasions
All her officious helpe t'asswage her passions.

Hart-grieued MIRRHA, at these words erects
Her downe-cast lookes, and with such sad effects,
(teares
As shew'd how deepe sh'was hurt, with briny
Bedewes her nurses bosome, and still feares
To let her know't, and yet was oft about
To make it knowne, yet would not let it out.
But with her vesture clouding those faire skies
Wherein there shone at once, two sun like eyes.
" (An

"(And by these words like hidde sparks forshowing
" What kind of fire 'twas in her breft was glow-
Sayes, Happy, & thrice happy art thou sped (ing)
(Deare mother) that enioy'ſt my fathers bed.
And therewith sighing, shuts her lips asham'd
To vtter more, and therefore leaues't vnnam'd.
The aged nurse hereat, with tremor fill'd
Is almost to a jelly pale distill'd,
And with her snow-white haires, bristled vpright
(Showing how much these words her hart affright)
Striues with requeſt, to make her shun that shame
By which she sought to shipwracke her faire selfe,
And (if 'twere possible) to quench that flame
Which seem'd to kindle such a fire of shame.
But she, (though knowing what her nurse adais'd
Was friendly counsell (not to be despis'd)
And on what dangerous Seas her luſt muſt Saile
before it could arriue, where 't might availe.)
Resolues (for sure) that if she did not reape
The fruit sowne with so many teares, to heape
Vpon her luſt, selfe murther, and thereby
To end at once both life and misery.
Her louing Nurse, fearing this resolution
Might proue indeed her beauties dissolution
(If not preuented) to her wounds applies
Sage soueraigne oyles of age-taught subtilties,

And

And bids her liue, and rather then destroy
So sweet a fabricke, fully to enioy
Her so much lou'd —: but durst not (farther) name
For feare to moue in her both griefe and shame,
And to these words of comfort, sweares to ioyne
Her best endeauour, to content her mind.
'Twas now the ripening Autumne, the wisht
Wherein the aged matrons of that Clime, (time
With Snow white vestures o're their bodies spred
And each a Corne-made garland on her head,
Did vse to celebrate the annuall Feasts
Of Sacred CERES with their corne and beasts,
'Gainst which solemnitie, for nine nights space
All veniall acts of manly sweet embrace
Were quite prohibited: Vnto this throng
Comes the ag'd wife of CINYRAS among.
Willing to act the secret misteries
Of those Commanding Sacred Dieties.
And to omit no seruice, which might show
The great respect she to those gods did owe.
Whilst therefore by these rites, the nupsiall bed
Was of its lawfull charge disburthened.
The ill seducing Nurse, (whom age had made
A sound proficient in this kind of trade)
Hauing with wine and fascinating Art
Bereft the weake brain'd CINYRAS of his hart
And

And brought him to her lure (by cunning gloze)
Doth MIRRHA's loue in a forg'd name diſcloſe,
Flattering his fancy with a faigned lye,
That ſuch a virgin lou'd him whoſe bright eye
Reflected rayes of wonder, and ſhould he
Deny her what ſhe ſought, 'twould doubtleſſe be
Her liues conſumer, therefore craues with ſpeed
That hee'd accept her proffer in this need.
Adding ſuch further praiſes to her feature
As ſhe beſt thought might moue a yeelding na-
(ture.

He rapt with wonder ſtraight deſires to know
How old that beauty was, that lou'd him ſo,
To whom ſhe (ſence deluding crone) replies
Her yeares and MIRRHA's doe iuſt *ſimpathize*,
And through my lifes long courſe I cannot tell
That e're I ſaw a neerer parralell.
Hereat he forthwith loues, and craues with ſpeed
To bring her to his bed, (the marke indeed,
At which ſhe aym'd) that ſo he might poſſeſſe
That ſence-delighting-rare-delitiouſneſſe.

No ſooner did his words his wiſh impart,
(As luſt ſtill ſpeeds when it is helpt by Art)
But backe returnes the old trott, to diſcouer
To her ſad charge, how ſhe had wonne her louer

And

And thus begins, reioyce child the thing's done
And that great difficultie's ouerthrowne
Which thou thought'st so impossible, and he
To whom thou late wert thrall'd, 's now slaue to (thee.
Ill did th'vnhappy virgin entertaine
This hapless knowledge of her Fathers gaine
As one whose heart too truely did presage
The sad euents of her lust fired rage.
And therfore weeps; & yet (like *Aprill* weather)
Againe straight smiles, and so in truth doth nei-(ther.
But as the current of her passions winde
So doe the various discords of her minde.
(with speed,
Now posts swift winged time towards night;
Making the same as blacke as was the deed.
And with a Death-like silence hath possest
Whatsoeuer might disturbe a quiet rest.
And euen now, hath *Charlswaine-Chariot* runne
His midway Iourney from the setting sunne
When on she goes to perpetrate that fact
Which none but such a Minotaure would act.
The pale-fac'd Moone thereat asham'd doth (throud
Her siluer rayes, in an obscuring cloud,
(blaze
And those bright Starres which nightly vs'd to
Their glorious splendor, (to the worlds amaze
Are

re with blacke Curtaines ſo cloſe ouerſpred,
hat not the leaſt can be diſcouered.
he night it ſelfe too wants that wonted light
hich vſually it had before that night
nd each thing ſo prodigiouſly ſeem.ed bent,
s if they juſtly fear'd a ſad euent.
hrice did her ſtumbling feet ſeeme to fore ſhow
ow ſwiftly ſhe was poſting to her woe, (throat
nd thrice th'ill boding ſcreech-owle with harſh
roakes out an ominous and fatall note,
euining what that foule acts end would be
hat in each Scene had ſo much prodigie.

But on ſhe trudges (ſhrowded by the darke
rom the leaſt luſtre of a ſhamefull ſparke.)
ith one hand holding her luſt-guiding mother
nd groping out the blind way with the other.
t laſt ("as oft bad actions hit their ayme
Though in the end they periſh with the ſame)
he findes the Chamber doore, and without din,
pening the ſame with ſoft pace enters in,
hen ſtraight an aſpen tremor doth ſo ſhake
er feeble timbred joynts, and therewith make
er legs ſo falter, that with fatall lucke,
id ſhe the fruit from that forbid tree plucke.
he milke dipt roſe vermillion in her cheeke,
ed from its ſtate, ſome ſafer place to ſeeke,

And

And that Angel-like face (in which before
There ſate a godlike beauty to adore,
Did nothing but a bloodleſſe pale retaine
(To linke both deed and iſſue in one chaine.)
Her wonted courage leaues her too; and ſtill
The neerer ſhe approaches to her ill
The more ſhe trembles, and abhorres to thinke
How nigh ſhee'was brought vnto her wiſhes (brinke
It irkes her now that e're ſhe was ſo vnwiſe
To vndertake ſo hard an enterpriſe.
And onely wiſhes to retire, ſo none
Might either ſee her, or ſhe paſſe vnknowne.
But after long delay (ſtill ſteered by
Her age experienc'ſt Nurſes policie
In theſe diſtractions) ſhe attaines the Port,
(Her fathers bed) ſo long'd for in this ſort.
Whom when her Nurſe bequeaths to his deſires
Here (ſayes ſhe) CINYRAS quench thy luſtfull (fires
And ravell out thy thred of life in pleaſure,
With that which thou account'ſt thy ages treaſure
Here mayſt thou ſatiate without ſurfet, and
Enioy more riches then thy Realme command.
And with this hart-delighting-muſicke-ioynes
Their deſtinated breſts for amorous twynes.
(Such

Such as indeed are onely free for those,
That in a lawfull mariage bed repose.)

Hee sence-deluded-sire with armes display'd
(As one not dreaming to be thus betray'd)
Receiues into his darke and wanton bed,
The tender bowels he so softered;
And with his Nectar-candied-words, assayes
To driue the Damsell from her virgin maze
Adding vnto these words such pleasing action
As he best thought might giue her satisfaction.
And to compleat and make this tide of pleasure
Flow to a greater heigth and fullier measure
Because her age so iustly did resemble
MIRRHA's, whom shee both was and did dis-
(semble,)
They interchange like names (as being nather)
He her sweet daughter calls; she him kind father.
Th'incestious game thus ended; and she full
Of that adulterate fruite she came to pull
Departs, and leaues her new beguiled sire
To guesse what sweet thus pleas'd his fond desire
Bearing within her wretched wombe that seed
Which nature made: but lust did meerely breed,
And the next night returnes to cleere the score
Which both had ioyntly left vnpaid before

Purſuing her deſires in that ſwift ſort
As if ſhe wiſh't no end to ſuch ſweete ſport.

At length, (when after many nights exchang
Of kind embrace betwixt theſe louers ſtrange
And equall intermixture of ſuch ſweets
As are there vs'd, where loue with like loue meet
His mind began to craue one happy ſight
Of that obſcured fewell of delight
Which he ſo oft had lockt within his armes
(And freed from rougher handlings and worſe
(harme
But neuer view'd, and onely in obſcuritie
Had cropt the ſweet flower of her vergin puritie
He forthwith craues accordingly, to ſee
What this ſame peereleſſe paragon might bee
Whom when apparently his eyes beheld
To be indeed his owne and only child
And therewith weigh'd what an abiſſe of ſin
His fordid beaſtiall luſt had plung'd him in
" (For vice as till't be acted's euer blind
" So when 'tis done it leaues a ſting behind.)
Diſtracting rage then ſo poſſeſt his hart
And greife his organ ſpeech, that vp he ſtart
And in his fury drawing forth the blade
Which fate for this her fault had ready layd,
Thoug

Thought to haue ſheath'd it in that tender breſt
In which but now his chief'ſt content did reſt.
But what with feare of this attempt, and ſtung
With the remembrance of that horrid wrong:
Which ſhe (as in a chriſtall mirror true
The vaile vncouered) did now plainely view.
"(For perpetrated vice ſeene after action
"Appeares ſo foul, it oft driues to diſtraction.)
Away ſhe flies, and by the helpe of night
Auoyds the tragicke end of her affright;
And vſher'd by her thoughts, at randome roues
Among the large and ſolitary groues.
Leauing the ſweet *Arabia* and thoſe fields
Of Rich *Panchaia* which rare odour yeelds,
And nine Moones wanders in this careleſſe race
Before her feare can find a reſting place;
Till in the end not able to ſuſtaine
A longer durance of her grauid paine
She ſeats her in a Sabra where a while
She ſtriues her luſt bred ſorrowes to beguile,
But can ſcarce longer make her burthened womb
Th'inceſtious load therein inclos'd entombe.
With griefe whereof; (euen ignorant of prayer)
And almoſt brought vnto a foule diſpaire
By a hart wounding and afflicting ſtrife
Betweene a feared death and wearied life.

She thus in dolefull and ſoule grieuing plaints
Bewailes the diſcord of theſe Combatants,
O you all-ſacred-Dieties (quoth ſhe)
That rule the world with ſoueraigne Maieſtie
And guide the heauenly motions of the Sphcare
With ſupreame power, if you haue any eares
To heare the wofull ſad and mournefull mones
Of poore diſtreſſed wretched mortall ones;
Such as with hearts vnfeigned doe confeſſe
Their ſoule-deepe vlcerated wickedneſſe.
Hearken ô hearken then vnto my cry
Who as I haue deſeru'd deſire to dye
And will not your dread powers inuoke to ſtrin
The ſmarting rod of your correction.
Powre downe your angry vengeance on my hea
That againſt nature haue thus treſpaſſed,
And let me now no longer liue to ſhame
The louely ſexe and roote from whence I came.
But leaſt my lingring life may be offence,
To ſuch as ſhall ſuruiue my impudence, (ſtain
And my dead corps thoſe neighbour graues di-
By whoſe offenceleſſe ſides they muſt be layne
Let me partake neither of life nor death
To grieue the one, or ſoyle the other with.
But ſo transformed bee, that I of either
May ſeeme poſſeſt, but yet indeed haue neithe

No ſooner were theſe words effus'd, but ſtraite
A ſtrange effect vpon her wiſh did waite
Vrought by ſome certaine Dietie whoſe eare
Was bent her pitie mouing moane to heare,
And giue redreſſe to ; For whilſt yet her prayer
Was vttering, (but not quite diſſolu'd to ayre)
Thoſe goodly pillars, which but erſt did grace
Her ſtately mouing fabricke, in their pace
Were ſo inuolu'd within the humid earth,
As if they onely there had had their birth,
And from her fleſh transformed nayles and toes,
And out-ſtretcht crooked winding root there (growes
From whence the long truncke of the lofty tree
Receiues its prime foundation and degree.
Her body ſweet, ſo comely in each part
Both to the middle of the tree conuert,
Within whoſe metaphorphos'd Saphire veynes
The life maintayning marrowy-ſap remaynes. (while
Her faire enclapſing armes, (which but ere
Were ſnares for amorous louers to entoyle
Their luſt-rapt ſences in,) were now eſtrang'd
Frō what they were, & to great branches chang'd
Through whoſe each little ſpray, her blood (like
Diſpreads it ſelfe with proſu'e auarice. (juyce)

Her dainty fingers too, (not hereto borne)
Into ſun-ſhading litle boughes doe turne.
And finally her ſnow-white ſilke-ſmooth-skin
Becomes a rough hard barke of what 't had bi
Seruing to ſheild her (as her clothes had done)
Both from the winters rage and peircing ſun.
In this wiſe 'gins th'vpriſing tree t'entombe
Within its hollow graue her painefull wombe,
(pre
And hath with quicker ſpeed then thought, o'r
Thoſe loue-delighting hillockes of her breſt,
And with ſwift change is haſtening to enſhrine
Her ſtately necke within its rugged rine,
All which ſhe ſhuns not, but (as to her fate)
With willing minde her ſelfe doth ſubiugate
To the ſurreſcent barque; which gliding ouer
Doth (as a cloud the ſun) her faire face couer.
And though with this her bodies iuſt correctio
She loſt both light of reaſon and affection
Yet ſtill ſhe weepes, in ſigne whereof her teares
On the trees rine in luke-warne drops appeare
Wherein a ſweet and odoriferous ſmell
Of ſence delighting fragrancy doth dwell.
Which for its worth a ſemblable name we giue
That no age ſhall forget nor time out liue.

ut now begins th'inceſtious birth to grow
nto it's full maturitie of woe.
Within the barke-wall'd limitts of the tree
herewith ſhe was incloſ'd in miſery)
rming to burſt away through the darke tombe
Of her transform'd incarcerating wombe.
er grauid belly ſwels vnto that heigth
hat each ſmall throb ſeemes now to threaten (death,
aking her ſtretch and ſtruggle with the paine
hich her ripe birth did vrge her to ſuſtaine.
ords ſhe hath none to vtter or expreſſe
he vnknowne meaſure of her wretchednesſe.
or to iuuoake a gracious helpe from thoſe
hoſe ſacred powres helpe women in their (throwes,
ut ſti'll expects deliuery from that ſorrow
hich as it had no meane, no help could borrow.
he bending tree ſeemes with ſad hollow tones
o ecchō forth her many ruthfull grones.
nd with a floud of teares (guſht from her eyes)
edewes and wets it ſelfe in piteous wiſe,
hereat the tender-hearted IVNO (grieu'd
o ſee ſo much diſtreſſe, ſo vnrelieu'd.)
tanding as then cloſe by the mourning ſprayes
uts to her helping hand, and then aſſaies

With words of Child-bed comfort to delude
The wounding ſence of this her ſollitude.
Forthwith the wombe-ſwolne-tree-begins to cracke
And through the cleauing barke doth paſſage make,
For nine moneths growth to enter-at, when loe
She ſtraight yeelds vp, the burthen of her woe.
Which had no ſooner birth, but (as allied
Vnto its mothers miſery) it cried.

The neighboring *Naydes* (whoſe cells not far
From her diſtreſt deliuery, diſtant were)
Hearing the cry, approach and in their ármes
Firſt taking the yong babe (yet free from harme
And then with tender touch, laying him downe
Vpon the new growne, ſmooth, and ſoft graſs't-ground,
Embalme him with the ſweet-Mirrhe-trickling teares
Which on his tree-chang'd-mothers-barke appeares.
Swift poſting time had not long run his race
Before this birth began to waxe in face.
And each part elſe ſo louely, that his feature
Grew natures wonder in a ſo borne creature,

d Enuies ſelfe delight: For ſuch as was
at beauty of the world, which did ſurpaſſe
others, whom the curious Artiſts paint
tables naked; and doe doe call Loues *Saint*.
en ſuch was he, and in a iuſt compare
ch way as louely ſweet, as young, as faire.
d taking from the firſt his bow and arrowes
herewith he heales by loue, and wounds with
ſorrowes.
adding but the like vnto the tother
u'd ſweare that this were CVPID & no other.
faire in matchleſſe beauty did his fate
inſpire to make him, though vnfortunate.

FINIS.

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William Robert Reid